A June Motor Jaunt

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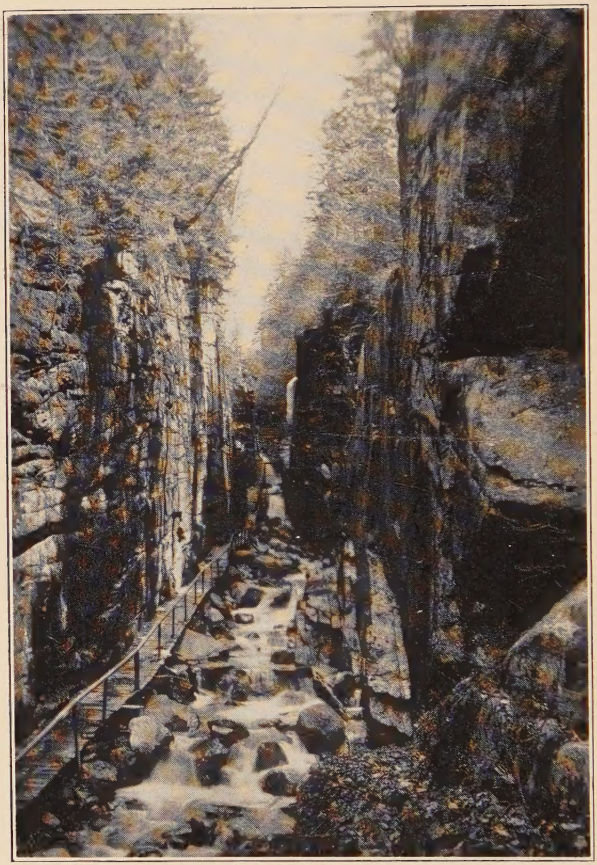
THE
RAMBLING TALE OF A SUMMER MOTOR TRIP
DONE INTO BOOKLET FORM
AND PRESENTED TO

With the

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
AND
BEST WISHES OF THE AUTHOR

December, 1923



The Flume, Franconia Notch, New Hampshire. A miniature canyon cut by nature through the mountain granite

A JUNE MOTOR JAUNT

THE RAMBLING TALE OF
A SUMMER MOTOR TRIP

By

CHARLES R. BUTLER

MANKATO, MINNESOTA
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"There is a mystic borderland that lies
Just past the limits of our work-day world,
And it is peopled with the friends we met
And loved a year, a month, a week or day
And parted from with aching hearts, yet knew
That through the distance we must loose the hold
Of hand with hand, and only clasp the thread
Of memory. But still so close we feel this land,
So sure we are that these same hearts are true,
That when in waking dreams there comes a call
That sets the thread of memory aglow,
We know that just by stretching out the hand
In written word of love, or book or flower,
The waiting hand will clasp our own once more
Across the distance, in the same old way."

—Helen Field Fischer

FOREWORD

This is the story of a motor trip from Minnesota to the Atlantic Coast and back, over an unusual route and through some most interesting portions of the United States and Canada.

If you find the going a bit rough at times, please consider that driving an automobile from one to three hundred miles a day leaves but little time or incentive for the exercise of one's best literary talent.

But the trip was so enjoyable, so instructive and so easily made that it seemed only right that good friends should know about it. Type, paper and ink were ready at hand, so here is the story.

Charles R. Butler

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I.

GETTING STARTED

"TIN CAN TOURIST" is the appellation that has been bestowed upon those who fare forth in flivvers to follow the open road and who purchase their daily sustenance in original packages from the local "Piggly Wiggly" or "Red Owl" as they go. With tent and camp paraphernalia upon the running board, they ramble where they will, pitching camp wherever night happens to overtake them. A glorious way of spending a holiday, as its thousands of devotees attest!

Our summer vacation this year is to be a motor trip. But the charm of camp life lacks appeal. A good bed, clean linen and the comforts afforded by modern plumbing are much more attractive. We never cared much, either, for ants and spiders as condiments in our food. So it is our intention to spend our nights in hotels

and our days on the road, patronizing the eating houses of high and low degree that human enterprise has planted along the way. We are not to be Tin Can Tourists, but we may prove to be Cafeteria Cruisers, or earn for ourselves some other title equally alluring or alliterative.

Two big sturdy suitcases and a hat box have been provided with canvas covers and are strapped on the trunk rack of our *Jordan* brougham. These are to carry all the wearing apparel, etc. for three adults and two children—so we think.

"But surely we can find room inside the car for the black bag!"

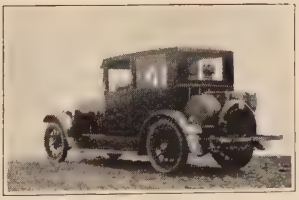
"Yes, and this little dressing case will be awfully handy;" and so on, until finally there is just room for the five of us to squeeze into the space not occupied by wraps, bags and the like. And now that we look quite like any other motor touring outfit we ever saw, we are ready to start.

Away we go, at 6:45 in the morning, headed for Minneapolis. A thick mantle of fog envelops the valley and we grope our way through it as far as Le Sueur. Up on the hills and the fog is gone, and a glorious morning greets us. Roads are good and we make good time, until, as we are speeding down Lyndale avenue, near Minneapolis, we are startled when an old friend bids us a last farewell; with a long-drawn-out sigh, the right front tire, 11,000 miles old, gives up the ghost. We pull into the first garage to see what, if anything, can be offered in the way of resuscita-

tion. As we head the car into the garage we are stopped by an uplifted warning hand. Horrors! Just inside the door is a man lying prostrate on the floor—an angry crimson blotch at his throat. Has there been a nasty accident? No, just a heat prostration, we are told, and then we see that the crimson blotch is a necktie.

While we wait for a verdict on our tire, his friend tells us all about it.

"Just booze, that's all. Bill has to have his liquor. I've told him more'n once it would get him some day. And, of course, it had to happen when he was along with me. I was comin' to the cities and took him along just for company. And now his folks'll say it's all my fault."



Our Vehicle

II.

THROUGH NORTHERN WISCONSIN

FROM Minneapolis and St. Paul our route leads us through Hudson and Eau Claire to Chippewa Falls. The roads are good to Baldwin, Wisconsin; from there to Menomonie they are rough and choppy. But to the main thoroughfare of Menomonie Junction we award a classification all by itself. Innocent looking puddles of water, left by a passing shower, conceal yawning chasms, gaping craters and abysmal wells. We "take it in second" and yet we all "hit the top" an average of three times to a block.

Wisconsin roads are well marked and as a rule well kept up, but the Wisconsin folks don't shave off the hills and iron out the curves as much as we do in Minnesota. This results in preserving more of the natural beauty of the road and its environs, but keeps the driver too busy to observe much of it. The low places encountered today do not seem to be properly drained, and the result is a fine group of "thank-you-ma'ams" scattered generously across the road in every depression. And in a road that is one hill after

another, this continual succession of smooth hills and bumpy hollows rather gets on one's nerves.

The Wisconsin Highway Commission prints the population on the sign that greets you as you enter each town. Hammond was credited with 364 souls by the department statistician, but apparently some enthusiastic Hammond booster wasn't satisfied. He added a cipher, making the total 3,640—and he did it so well that we are completely deceived, and nearly run off the road while straining our eyes in an effort to locate enough homes to indicate such a total. Later we find several other towns where the printed figures on the signboards have been disputed—in some instances being completely erased and new figures inserted by optimistic local talent.

* * *

After a comfortable night at the cozy Hotel Northern in Chippewa Falls, we are away over "*Wisconsin 12*" through Stanley and Abbotsford to Wausau; thence on through Oconto to Marinette. We reach Marinette about five in the afternoon, and, although somewhat dubious about the road ahead, decide to press on to Escanaba.

Much to our surprise we find a fine road, paved most of the way. These Michiganders up here seem to have found a way of combining crushed rock and Tarvia into a roadway that "stands up" under traffic—probably by continually maintaining it.

We reach Escanaba just before eight o'clock. Our hotel, once the town's finest, now has sunk to the cafeteria stage. And, in spite of all possible haste on our part, we get downstairs to find the dining room closed.

"Can't we get something for the baby's supper," we ask. "The rest of us can go down the street and hunt a restaurant."

The clerk is a good-natured Irish woman, buxom and blonde (both probably acquisitions of later years), and she says she will "take a look" and see.

"Not a thing in that kitchen but dirty dishes," is her verdict when she returns. Maybe she is telling the truth—but in some mysterious way that same kitchen produces—from some hidden corner, perhaps—an excellent breakfast for us early the next morning.

We traveled most of Tuesday in the rain. But this, Wednesday, morning our car greets us spick and span, washed and polished and groomed to perfection. The colored boy who did the job expatiates upon the care and the thoroughness with which it was done. We turn our back on him for a few moments, and he fears that his message has not gotten across. When we return, he hurriedly jacks up the front wheels and starts wielding a whisk broom on the tires! A whisk broom in the hands of a colored boy, of course, has but one message; our response seems satisfactory, for he is wreathed in smiles as we leave, and he wishes us "pleasant journey, suh!"

III.

"ROUGH STUFF" IN MICHIGAN

TODAY'S route offers some uncertainties. We are to travel some 200 miles from Escanaba to Sault Ste. Marie. The best thing we can get anyone to say about the road is that "It is traveled every day." We have easy going on a good Tarvia road as far as Manistique. There we find we have broken a bolt in the rod that carries spare tire and gasoline tank. An hour and a half is consumed in taking the thing apart, and it takes only fifteen minutes to fix it. How many of our troubles are like this—hard to get at, but readily corrected when we once reach the seat of the difficulty!

It is well into the afternoon before we start again for the Soo, with our worst road still ahead of us. At Engadine we begin to get acquainted with it. These counties in Northern Michigan are building some fine new roads, but in the meantime the word "Detour" includes not only all the possibilities that it does with us, but also the thrills that this cut-over wilderness can offer.

We ask the road boss on the construction near Engadine about the road ahead.

"Have ye travelled it before? I didn't think ye had, or ye wouldn't be tryin' it in that bus." This is the consolation he gives us.

But we continue on our way, winding about, crossing and re-crossing the railroad track, following a trail that only an optimist could call a road. In one tiny settlement, we meet a Ford truck, fairly overflowing with shock-headed youngsters and driven by a jovial chap, vigorously masticating a hearty portion of "eatin' tobacco."

"Is this the road to Trout Lake?," we inquire.

"Yeh, ye can't mistake it. Jest foller the roughest road ye kin find till ye get there."

Which we do. Corduroy through the swamps; just two wheel tracks over the sandy hills; blueberries and wild flowers on every side; the surprising thing is that there are no wild animals disputing the right of way. But we finally reach Trout Lake, and then, an hour or two later, the Soo.

Here we are to board a Canadian Pacific Steamer for Port McNicoll, Ontario, from whence we will continue the trip by motor. The car is to go on board with us—we hope.

IV.

INTO ONTARIO

THE steady stream of traffic through the locks at the American Soo engages our attention for an hour or more in the morning; the equally steady stream of questions concerning the locks and their mechanism directed at me by son Charles soon exhausts my store of knowledge on the subject. Everyone else about the locks seems too busy to answer questions, so we gather family and luggage together and proceed, via ferry, to the Canadian Soo, whence we are to embark upon the first "water leg" of our jaunt.

The steamer trip from the Canadian Sault to Port McNicoll at the southeastern end of Georgian Bay takes about twenty hours. The Canadian Pacific steamers go down the St. Mary's River, across the upper end of Lake Huron and then through Georgian Bay to Port McNicoll. They are Clyde-built vessels of about 4000 tons, nicely appointed and serving good meals. Their chief drawback, from our viewpoint, is that the doorways in the side of the boat are but six feet

three inches high, while our closed car stands six feet four "with its shoes on." The logical thing to do seems to be to take the "shoes" off; but the *Assiniboia* is late, the captain is anxious to get away, and says, "We can get 'er on as she is." So we let most of the air out of the tires, stand six men on each running board and after much shouting and pushing and sweating we get the car aboard with only two holes scraped through the top covering. This afternoon, while the rest of the party are enjoying the lovely scenery along the St. Mary's River, I climb over tier after tier of flour sacks to the forward end of the cargo deck, jack up the wheels and remove the tires one by one. On my dusty and sweaty way back over the flour cargo, I bump my head against a steam pipe and knock some of the covering off my own top. We are "hitting the high spots" on this trip, sure enough!

* * *

Our *Jordan*, with the tires off, is not a graceful thing, but she comes off the boat without further mishap, and after the tires are inflated and replaced—by hand, for there is no "*Free Air*" sign in sight at Port McNicoll—we resume our journey. The thirty miles to Orillia are over rather poor, hilly roads. Interesting items in the landscape are the stump fences—huge stumps placed side by side, their gnarled roots interlocking to form a barrier that should defy any attempt to penetrate it.

We note, too, that paint seems to be a luxury in this part of Ontario. Not a barn nor outbuilding, and but few of the farm houses, show any sign of paint—and yet they seem to have withstood the ravages of time in excellent shape.

* * *

After a two day rest at Orillia we again take to the road, but with the make-up of our party changed somewhat. The children are to stay on here, while Mr. and Mrs. Fazendin with Mrs. Butler and myself jaunt on down into New York state and beyond.

Our route lies through Lindsay, Peterboro. Port Hope, Belleville and Kingston to Gananoque (all in Ontario), where we will take a ferry across to Clayton, on the American side.

At Manilla, a little hamlet on the way, we see something new to us in the banking line. A sign on a building reads: "Home Bank of Canada; open Monday, Wednesday and Friday." We wonder what the bank manager does with the rest of the week. And does he take the money with him?

Another sign noted as we pass through is "First Class Jeweler; Wedding Rings, Marriage Licenses and Wedding Presents." It seems you can secure your marriage license very handily from the jeweler up here. But to get a divorce! Ah, that's quite another matter—in fact, it is well nigh impossible in Ontario.

Our three meals today have been eaten in turn at the *Grand Cafe*, the *Cafe de Paris* and the *Cafe Iroquois*—all three establishments run by Chinese; more than that, the meals were good, the service prompt and the prices reasonable. We peeked into the kitchen at one of them and it was spotlessly clean. Why, we wonder, does Canada delegate to the Chinaman the task of feeding the public; and why do we in the States choose the Greek?

The end of our day's run is Gananoque (pronounced Gan-a-nock-wa), a quaint old town with a city hall that was once a private residence and is an excellent example of pure Georgian architecture. The International Hotel, at which we put up, seems to belong to an equally early period. Although the beds don't look very comfortable, the landlord has such a charming manner that we overlook any minor deficiencies in his establishment.

V.

THE ADIRONDACKS

THE ferry that runs from Gananoque to Clayton is an early bird. So we must needs arise at six, eat a hasty but substantial breakfast and get the automobile aboard the ferry. The boat takes us on an hour's run through the Thousand Islands to Clayton, New York. From there we motor on to Alexandria Bay, with its big hotels—a typical summer resort town. On a group of islands just off shore is located the well-known Boldt summer home, which local "boosters" are anxious to have taken over by the government as a summer home for the president.

Thence along the St. Lawrence we journey through Morristown and Ogdensburg to Massena, where we stop for lunch. Then Hogansburg—the name will always recall memories of the roughest piece of road in America. There we turn from the river and head for the Adirondacks, which we enter at Malone about three in the afternoon.

We have had our doubts as to whether the Adirondacks would prove to be "real mountains."

A few of the Thousand Islands

Inside of an hour, our doubts have disappeared. The rugged beauty of the majestic, evergreen-clad hills, reflected so brilliantly in the mirror-like surfaces of the myriad lakes; the music of many a rippling mountain brook, murmuring cheerfully alongside the road, only to plunge a few minutes later in lovely cascades down the face of the rocks; the scent of fragrant pine and balsam; all these there are to delight the senses, while the motorist enjoys the comfort of driving over almost perfect macadam roads. And when we finally wind up at Lake Placid to spend the night, we feel that we have arrived at one of the real beauty spots of the universe. A delightful

hour in a motor boat on Lake Placid confirms us in the opinion.

From the veranda of our hotel we look out over lovely Mirror Lake, upon which are held the winter sports for which this spot is famous.

The setting sun floods the hills and clouds with masses of glowing color, which are reflected from the unrippled waters which give the lake its name. The reds and pinks slowly turn to purples and grays; the distant peaks withdraw farther and farther into the haze that envelops them, until darkness descends. Finally, after listening to the tribulations of a poor lone man who is motoring with nine women, we "turn in." And the

Whiteface Mountain and Lake Placid

pine-spiced air of the Adirondacks is a wonderful incentive to sleep.

* * *

Another early start, for we want to see Keene Valley in the light of the early morning. So we are away before breakfast, through a landscape that lacks only the snow on the highest peaks to make us believe we are in the Alps.

Mountain streams, which in places almost dispute the road with us; granite cliffs towering high overhead; sheer slopes of a hundred feet or more dropping away from the side of the road; wooded hillsides broken by an occasional clearing; all

Real Mountain Scenery

these captivate and thrill our finer senses, until all at once from a roadside inn comes the wondrous fragrance of frying bacon and steaming coffee. Breakfast! The scenery must wait.

The early morning route has been rough and sandy. The brakes have had a lot to do, and much of it had to be taken "in low." But after breakfast we emerge onto a fine tar macadam road—the kind one finds almost everywhere in New York state—and we spin along in the direction of Albany at a rapid rate.

But we spy a sign which reads "*Ticonderoga, 17½ miles.*"

No hero of our revolutionary history is more dear to us than Ethan Allen, and all agree that we must see Fort Ticonderoga. So we leave the main highway and meander eastward, past lovely Paradox Lake, but over rough and sandy roads, to the town of Ticonderoga (from whence comes the graphite for the Dixon lead pencils) and then two miles farther to the fort. The fort has some interesting old French and English cannon and a museum which includes some Washington relics. But we are particularly interested in the lower gate, which bears an inscription telling us that here, on May 10, 1775, Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys entered to demand the surrender of the fort by the British, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

VI.

THROUGH THE BERKSHIRES

AFTER lunch at Ticonderoga, we proceed to the Montcalm ferry and disturb three very intent fishermen, who reluctantly put away their poles and start the noisy machinery which propels us across Lake Champlain. When we leave the boat we are in Vermont. By virtue of reading too many signs, we get onto the wrong road and become acquainted with the toughness and hardness of Vermont slate and granite; by asking our way of everyone we meet, we also become acquainted with the drawling vernacular of "these parts," and finally find our way back into New York again, onto the tar macadam. In a short time we are in Glens Falls, an attractive little city with lovely broad residence streets, lined with giant elms and maples that form vast, leafy archways over our heads as we pass through.

Next we come to Saratoga Springs, a city whose glory lies mostly in the past. Several of the great hotels, which in the early nineties were the Mecca of the sporting set, stand today like great barns,

A Macadam Road in the Adirondacks

their windows curtainless, tables and furniture piled in disarray within, the broad porches crumbling to ruin. It is not pleasant to look upon.

We sample the water at the Congress spring. It ought to possess medicinal qualities. It tastes bad enough.

In spite of rough roads, we reach Troy ahead of schedule, so we go right on through it, hoping to reach Pittsfield, in the Berkshires, for a late dinner and a night's rest. But as we motor through West Lebanon we spy a roadside inn that looks promising and we stop. The *Hotel St. Elmo*, is its name. An interview of two or three minutes with Mrs. Whitegiver, the proprietor, confirms us in our decision to stay. We

hurriedly wash away the day's collection of grime and sit down to a wonderful dinner, which starts off with cantaloupe, includes half a chicken and a great variety of delicious vegetables and winds up with delectable ice cream and a fine cup of coffee. A quarter-mile walk to the country telegraph office after dinner is almost a necessary preliminary before retiring.

* * *

We get away leisurely from our inn at Lebanon, after a late breakfast, and as a penalty for our laziness encounter immediately the torture of four awful miles of road "under construction."

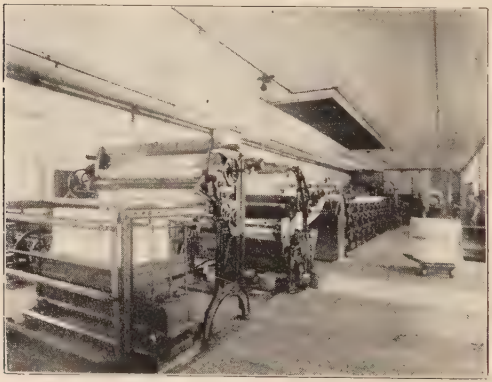
No sooner are we over this than we start the climb toward Pittsfield and into the Berkshires. Unfolded below us as we leave is the lovely panorama of the Lebanon valley, the home of the Lebanon Shakers.

At Pittsfield we encounter some familiar names. Here are Eaton, Crane and Pike, who make our typewriter papers. Just a few miles further on is Dalton, where Byron Weston ledger paper and Defiance bond are made.

We spend a pleasant hour going through the Weston mill, watching the treatment of the white cotton and linen rags through the various stages which convert them into fine ledger and writing papers. The rags are sorted, boiled, washed and bleached; then beaten into a fine white pulp. After the rosin "size" is added, the "stuff," as it

In beautiful Keene Valley, in the Adirondacks

is called, flows out onto the fine wire screen of the machine. At this stage it is of about the consistency of good rich milk. By gravity and by suction much of the water is drawn out through the meshes of the screen, and the web of damp but fairly well formed paper moves onward over the felt blanket and through the heated rolls which take out the remainder of the moisture. The next operation is "sizing" the surface, which is done with glue made from water buffalo hides, imported from India. The web is next cut into sheets, which are hung over poles in lofts to dry. Later the sheets are taken down, finished by being run through huge rolls under pressure, inspected and wrapped. Painstaking care is a feature of every operation.



End View of a Paper Machine

A dozen other paper mills of familiar name lie within a few miles of us, but we can't inspect them all, and we resume our journey. Just beyond North Adams we get the most genuine taste of mountain motoring we have had yet. After a long grind in second speed, we reach the "Hairpin Turn." Here we find a dozen cars resting—everything from Henry's to Pierce-Arrows, all boiling and being refilled with water—ours being the one proud exception. We spend a few minutes here, enjoying to the full the glorious profusion of landscape spread out before us as far as the eye can reach. There is another excellent view from the summit, which we reach after another climb "in second," but it lacks the beauty and grandeur of the outlook at "Hairpin Turn." That is the most magnificent mountain picture of the trip.

At Whitcomb's Summit we are greeted by "The Elk on the Trail." This is a fine, large elk done in bronze, erected by the Massachusetts Elks as a memorial to their dead in the world war.

Just a little further on, a tablet tells us that 1060 feet below us, under the mountain, is the Hoosac tunnel, 4¾ miles long.

On through Greenfield, Athol and Fitchburg we journey, over wonderfully fine roads in the country and some awful cobblestones and worn-out pavement in some of the towns, until at the close of a hot, sultry afternoon we reach Concord.

Shall we stop at the Wright Tavern or "Ye Colonial Inn?" The former attracts because of

Lots of Views Like This

its historical interest. Established in 1747 by a militia captain named Ephraim Jones, it gets its name from its landlord during the stirring days of the beginnings of the Revolution, one Amos Wright. Here the Concord Minutemen gathered on the morning of April 19, 1775; here they were joined by Captain Smith and his company from Lincoln; and here later in the day the British Major Pitcairn is said to have stirred his brandy with the threat, "In this way we will stir the blood of the Yankees before night."

"Ye Colonial Inn" was only a storehouse in that day, but we are dusty and hungry, and as

it now seems to enjoy the bulk of the patronage, we stop there for a very satisfactory dinner, after which we ramble about through the lovely historic village until it is too dark to see. Not only is Concord where:

> "By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world,"

but here lived Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne, Louisa Alcott and others prominent in American life and letters. We feel that we must return here before we leave Boston. But lack of time prevents, so Concord and Lexington, along with Plymouth and Cape Cod,—and Gloucester, too, alas--will have to wait for some later vacation time—not too far away, we hope.

VII.

WHERE HISTORY WAS MADE

AND now for historic old Boston! We have been lost in the maze of Boston's crooked streets before, so we are not going to trust ourselves again. We leave the car in the garage and take to a sight-seeing bus to get our bearings.

Here we see the old State House, built in 1748 upon the walls of the old Town House of 1713. In its council chamber, James Otis in 1761 voiced the first protest against the arbitrary rule of King George the Third. Beneath its windows, in March, 1770, occurred the riot known to history as the "Boston Massacre," brought about partly by the quartering of British troops in this building. Here generals Gage, Howe and Clinton held a council of war on the morning of the battle of Bunker Hill. And here the Declaration of Independence was received and read on July 18, 1776.

But a short distance away is Faneuil Hall, "The Cradle of Liberty." It is interesting to note that when built in 1763, part of its cost was met by proceeds from a lottery, authorized by

The Old State House

the General Court for the purpose. Here were held the great Boston town meetings and here was the gathering place for the expression of public sentiment as the spirit of revolution was gradually fanned into flame during the dozen years or more preceding the actual outbreak. The building still serves its original purpose as a market house.

We visit the Old South Meeting-house, a church which numbers among its founders (in 1670) the eldest son of John Alden and Priscilla. It is often referred to as "The Sanctuary of Freedom," and was the place of assembly for many of the meetings leading up to the "Boston Tea Party" in November, 1773.

King's Chapel dates back to 1749, and its burying ground to the period of Governor Andros in 1689. The Old Granary Burial Ground, which had its beginnings in 1660, carries on its headstones the names of many notable Americans. Among them are John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere and the parents of Benjamin Franklin.

Christ Church, built in 1723, is credited with being the oldest church building in Boston. Its belfry tower is supposed to be the one in which the lanterns were hung as the signal to Paul Revere to start out on his famous ride.

We visit Bunker Hill Monument, which commemorates the bloody and memorable battle of June 17, 1775, in which the newly organized troops of the "Great American Army" received their first real test. We ramble through the Charlestown Navy Yard, whose chief attraction is "*Old Ironsides*"—the U. S. Frigate *Constitution*, famous for her exploits in the War of 1812. Many times repaired and rebuilt, condemned only to be saved by Oliver Wendell Holmes' spirited protest, used as midshipmen's quarters at Annapolis, finally in 1897 she was brought here

Where Benjamin Franklin may have been born, on Milk Street

to Charlestown and since that time has been maintained as a memorial and permanent reminder of those early chapters in the history of the American navy.

Here, too, we see a battleship in process of dismantling—a reminder that there has been a disarmament conference, and that it really means something. The collier *Neptune* is of interest because she is a sister ship to the ill-fated *Cyclops*, the mystery of whose disappearance has never been solved.

We see the bank that Ponzi wrecked; we stroll through historic Boston Common; we spend

an hour enjoying the mural decorations of the Boston Public Library. We view the birth place of Paul Revere (who, in addition to his many other accomplishments was, we are told, the father of sixteen children). Across the street we see a crowd of Italian children in abbreviated and unusual bathing suits, romping and gleefully screaming as a group of friendly firemen spray a fire hose on them. It has been terrifically hot here the past few days, and we cannot but admire the thoughfulness of a city government that provides this comfort for its poor children. And how they do enjoy it!

The beauties of the Harvard University buildings and the lovely roads and grounds in aristocratic Brookline occupy part of one afternoon. To round out our stay we take the boat to Nantasket beach, where we watch the crowds patronizing the scenic railway, the merry-go-rounds and all the other time-honored institutions which are to be found at every beach resort; most time-honored of all, of course, are the fond couples who wander hand in hand along the boardwalk and who snuggle close in the sheltered corners of the deck on the last boat home.

VIII.

ALONG THE COAST

THE NORTH SHORE! A perfect morning greets us as we make our start from Boston. We head out through old Chelsea and past the white skeletons and gaudy fronts of the "attractions" at Revere Beach. What an unkempt, "morning-after" appearance they present at this time of day! Out by Lynn, with its lovely seaside homes, we follow the shore to Marblehead.

In and about Marblehead cluster many associations connected with the beginnings of the American navy. Here lived Captain James Mugford, whose little ship captured a British powder boat off Boston Harbor in May, 1776; Commander John Manly, who hoisted the first American flag, bearing the pine tree of Massachusetts; Samuel Tucker; and others. Off Marblehead Neck, in the War of 1812, occurred the duel between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*. Captain Lawrence's brave battle in the *Chesapeake* and his dying words, "Don't give up the ship!," have

earned him a place among the immortals in American history.

The winding streets and the quaint old architecture of Marblehead make it a favorite haunt of artists. The streets, however, furnish perplexities for the visiting motorist. It is only after being directed on our way three times that we finally get onto the road to Salem.

At Salem a guide volunteers his services and we engage him. He points out Salem's points of interest and discourses on their history in the most glib professional manner. He is quite a man of the world, versed in local history and with an air of sophistication that quite overwhelms us. His age? Somewhere between twelve and fifteen!

The witches! We must know all about them. He shows us where they lived, where they were tried and where they were executed. But when night comes, and we consult more dependable authorities, we are compelled to dismiss the greater part of what he has told us as highly interesting fiction.

In fact, the "Salem Village" of witch-craft fame is not in Salem, but at Danvers, five miles west; and Gallows Hill, where most of the hangings took place, is well outside the city. The whole story of the frenzied wave of superstition which resulted in the killing and torturing of these poor unfortunates is a chapter in American history that we would like to forget.

We find Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables* a most attractive old place and so well preserved

that it is doing service as a settlement house today. Chestnut Street, whose every house boasts a lovely colonial doorway, delights us.

Salem has many fine large old houses of one pattern; square, substantial-looking, painted either yellow or white, the shutters a dark green. Almost every one of them has a little square cupola on top, windowed on all four sides. One surmise is that they must have been built by ship owners who would mount to these little square observatories to watch the arrival and departure

One of Salem's Doorways

of their craft. Or, may this one not have been the home of a sea captain, whose fond wife watched from this tower for his safe return?

Up through Ipswich and Rowley we motor to quaint old Newburyport. Small roadside stands, offering soft drinks, "Hot Dogs" and other refreshments, are scattered all along the main motor routes. Here we encounter, for the first time, establishments without number offering "Fried Clams to Take Out." We can't take time to seek further details, so we are still wondering how one behaves with a fried clam that one "takes out" and how soon one is expected to bring it back.

The charming old Wolfe Tavern in Newburyport is said to be famous for its broiled lobster; the fact that ours is tough doesn't detract from the charm of the place.

One writer says of this tavern, "Like all ancient hotels, it is not the original hotel, nor does it stand on the corner where it stood during and before revolutionary times." But the present building is, part of it, over a hundred years old and posesses a lovely old stair-case that, in the words of the same writer, "Curves so delicately that

The Wolfe Tavern Sign

it would seem the way to Heaven." The hostelry has been conducted almost continuously since 1762, when it was founded by William Davenport, who had served as a captain under Wolfe at Quebec. Located on the main highway between Maine and Boston, it soon grew to be famous and for a century or more it was a center for the political and business life of this section of New England. The "*Double Bowls of Punch*," "*Double Bowls Toddy*," "*Thribble Bowl Ditto*," "*Mugs of Flip*" and other items appearing on the old bills rendered its patrons are indicative of the convivial character of the assemblages which gathered about its festive board in days gone by.

The houses in Newburyport show a slight divergence from the Salem type of architecture. They are just as large and just as square, but they have a chimney at each corner and in place of a cupola, a sort of ornamental railing surmounts the roof. Possibly their builders demanded a view unobstructed even by windows.

Soon we are out again at the ocean's edge, following the shore up through Seabrook and Hampton Beaches, past the elaborately beautiful summer homes at Rye Beach, and into Portsmouth. Here we cross our second toll-bridge (to be replaced this summer, we are told, by a fine new structure, without the toll nuisance). This brings us into Kittery and we are in Maine. It is not long until we pass through York Harbor and along the shore to York Beach, where we view some of the loveliest bits of shore line of the trip.

On the Maine Coast

Rocky ledges thrust out into the sea; the tide is in, and the incoming waves dash themselves into pearly fragments on the jagged black masses of rock. Here a gentle curve of sandy beach intervenes, where two artists, their easels before them, are sketching a group of children in gay-hued bathing suits as they play in the sand. A little further on, the naked masts of a bleaching hulk washed up on the shore are outlined against the shadows of a rocky promontory to form another pleasing picture.

We "get" both of these with the camera, but the color, the life and the atmosphere in the landscape are all too subtle and too wonderful to be grasped by so material a thing as the lens of a camera.

Thus up through Ogunquit to Wells, and from there through cathedral-like aisles of pines into Kennebunkport — home of plain and homey Maine fisher-folk, and, for the summer season, of wealthy New Yorkers and notables from everywhere. Here are wonderful estates, walled and

hedged about—and on the next street simple homes that were built four generations ago; here are speedy and luxurious motor-craft, moored alongside fishermen's dories; here is the loose-jointed frame structure, once painted white, which houses the village postoffice—and in front of it stands a *Rolls-Royce*.

And as we head toward Portland, this startling warning greets us: "*Watch Out. Hot Dogs Ahead.*"

But every eventful day must have its end. We reach Portland at sundown, and we wonder if our memory has room to store all the sights and scenes and experiences of this most delightful day.

In Kennebunkport

The Longfellow House,
Portland

IX.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

OUR stay in Portland is not as long as we would like to make it. We are loth to leave the ocean, for one thing; and near at hand are several lovely beaches and some magnificent ocean views. Here in Portland are the birthplace and the early home of Longfellow; a few miles away at Brunswick is the house in which Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin; also Bowdoin College, which numbers Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Franklin Pierce among its students of by-gone days.

We had planned, too, to visit Poland Spring, thirty miles to the north, but warnings of extensive road repair discourage us; so we proceed toward the White Mountains around the lower end of Sebago lake, through Gorham, Standish and Hiram.

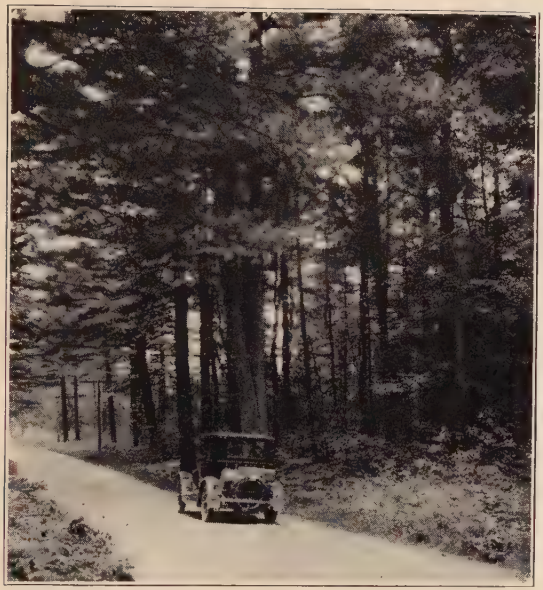
But first we stop at Cumberland Mills, just outside of Portland, where we visit the remarkable plant of S. D. Warren & Co., probably the largest

Among the Islands of Casco Bay

makers of book papers in the world. The plant is so tremendous that we can see only a small part of it in the time at our disposal, but we gain much useful information, nevertheless.

Our stop for lunch is at a roadside inn—the *New Uberty* at East Brownfield. If you will look up "Uberty" in your dictionary—and your dictionary is big enough — you will find, away down in the small type, that the word denotes fruitfulness and plenty. This inn has been owned and operated by one family for four generations. We become so engrossed in the delightful old mahogany furniture scattered about the rooms that our start for the mountains is considerably delayed.

Next we come to Fryeburg, on the New Hampshire border. Daniel Webster taught in Fryeburg Academy. Local historians tell us that his salary was $350 per year, which he



In Cathedral Woods

added to by copying deeds in the Register's office.

We enter the White Mountains through the far-famed Crawford Notch. Up through North Conway and Intervale we climb to Bartlett, each turn of the road revealing a new picture; forest beauty, mountain majesty and the turbulence of cascading waters, following one upon the other in kaleidoscopic profusion.

We comment again on the cathedral-like appearance of the lofty aisles of pines; someone in the party suggests that the beauty of Nature's

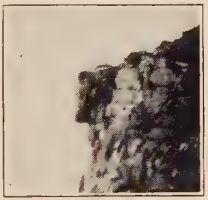
cathedral is enhanced by the fact that there isn't a sermon to listen to.

From Bartlett to Bretton Woods we skim along over a wonderful road, through a leafy fairyland. Birches, beeches and elms extend their branches in a canopy over our heads. Except for the occasional motorist we meet, we are set off in a world by ourselves. Our progress is halted once by a mother partridge and her brood of chicks; and again a small black bear thinks of challenging our way, but beats a hasty retreat into the forest as we draw near.

We are "ahead of the season", and have so far been glad of it. We rejoice that we may enjoy these lovely roads without taking the dust of the vast throngs of motorists who will come later. But as we come out onto the plateau which holds the vast hotels of Bretton Woods and Fabyans, all empty except for a meager advance guard of servants, we regret that it is not the height of the season, for we fain would see these mammoth caravansaries at their best, illumined by the music, light and gayety with which our imagination paints the scene of a month or two later.

But we need not these accessories to enjoy the beauty and the splendor of the Presidential range spread round about us. And we are amused at the feeling of resentment that arises within us when a dingy and prosaic freight train obstrudes itself noisily into the center of this majestic landscape.

We turn down into Franconia Notch, and stop spellbound as lovely Echo Lake bursts upon our view. A few minutes here and we proceed on our winding way; soon we come into sight of the *Old Man of the Mountain*, his aquiline profile standing out in silhouette against the sky at the top of Cannon Mountain, twelve hundred feet above us. Next we motor on down to the Flume House, where we leave our car and proceed on foot to the bottom of *The Flume*. (See frontispiece.) This is a miniature canyon cut by nature through the mountain granite. The perpendicular walls in places are but ten feet apart and arise to a height of sixty feet. The canyon is about a quarter of a mile in length. A turbulent mountain brook cascades some fifty feet off a ledge into the canyon and then tumbles and twists its way over the steep and rocky floor to the bottom. Crude wooden steps enable us to climb to the upper cascade, and from there to follow the stream down to the mouth of the Flume. It is growing dark by this time, so we clamber up to where we left the car and speed on toward Bethlehem, where we have planned to spend the night.



The Old Man of the Mountain

"Bethlehem has thirty hotels." This appears in the guide-books, on signs by the side of the road, and even in the instructions given us by

our friends. And when we enter the town and see all the thirty, ablaze with electric lights and putting forth every lure to entice the traveler within, we are bewildered. We cannot decide which one to choose, so we go on through the town and a mile or two further on we encounter "Stony Birch Inn." It is comfortable, it is quiet, and we are tired. So here we spend the night.

X.

INTO CANADA AGAIN

IT has been our plan to go from Bethlehem via St. Johnsbury and Montpelier to Burlington (Vermont); from there to traverse the islands of upper Lake Champlain, to cross on the Chazy ferry and thus through Rouse's Point to Montreal. But we are told of some very bad road on that route.

We inquire at St. Johnsbury, which, by the way, proclaims itself "The Maple Sugar Center of the World." The lank Vermonter who supplies us with gasoline persuades us to go first to Quebec through Sherbrooke, and thence to Montreal. He estimates the distance to Quebec as 160 miles, and it proves to be 230, but we are not to find that out until tomorrow. So we head north, past beautiful Willoughby Lake and its protecting mountain sentinels.

The excellent gravel roads we encounter have been treated with calcium chloride, which keeps down the dust and seems to aid in maintaining an even, hard surface. We are told that Vermont has in effect a one per cent gasoline tax which is collected from the wholesale distribu-

tors. The receipts from the tax are paid into a "surface fund" which is expended under the supervision and direction of the State Highway Board in laying dust on and resurfacing the main roads.

We stop in the little town of Burke to ask for directions on our route. We direct our inquiry to no less a person than the town marshal, who is also a harness maker and a job printer. His gruff answers indicate a most gloomy disposition, quite the opposite from what one would expect in so versatile an individual.

Following his directions, we proceed onward, over roads of varying quality until finally we reach Newport, a substantial little Vermont city just south of the border, on the shores of Lake Nemphremagog. From here we meander back to Derby and on to Derby Line, which is the rather unique name borne by the little hamlet at the border. We dine here, register our car with the customs officials on both sides of the line, and then proceed across the little bridge to and through Rock Island, which is in the province of Quebec.

We are now in what is known as "The Eastern Townships." The hills are still with us, a continuation of the Green Mountains of Vermont. The roads are good, surfaced with a fine gravel, but rather dusty.

As we motor along we note again and again the advertisements of rival ambulances, urging the traveler to telephone them when in need of

their services; the curves are all marked "Danger" and speed warnings are noted everywhere. We are reminded that Quebec is "wet." Can it be that the thirsty from the adjacent states who come into this province to satisfy their cravings are inclined to drive carelessly on the return trip?

Every bridge you knew in days gone by had its sign demanding that horse-drawn vehicles be driven at a walk, but the covered bridge (and most of them are covered in these parts) at Lenoxville bears a sign which deserves a prize for brevity. It reads:

WALK OR PAY TWO DOLLARS

It isn't a prosperous-looking landscape that we drive through, nor thickly settled. Pulpwood and lumber seem to be the principal products. The farms are few and show little signs of fertility.

Our stop for the night is at D'Israeli, a lumber town that in many ways reminds us of boyhood days on the St. Croix. The hotel proprietor is the only person we encounter who understands English; so universally is French the language of Quebec province. Today is the feast of St. John the Baptist, the patron saint of French-Canadians. There has been a parade, with floats and flags and music, and an orator of the day. The buildings are decorated with flags and bunting, our hotel setting the pace for all the rest. Quebec province celebrates this day quite in the manner of a national holiday.

XI.

IN OLD QUEBEC

A HARD rain during the night has laid the dust on our Quebec roads, and adds to the comfort of traveling. We are away early in the morning with some eighty miles ahead of us before we reach Quebec. As we continue northward, the quality of the country seems to improve. There are more farms, the hillsides have a more gentle slope and the landscape has a more cheerful and fruitful aspect than that of yesterday.

The most interesting portion of the morning's run is that from Black Lake to Thetford Mines. The regular road is being rebuilt, and our detour takes us up and among the open pit mines of this section. And mines of what, do you suppose?

Asbestos! The greater part of the world's supply of long-fibre asbestos comes from the limited area round about us here. We stop and go through one of the mills. The processes of separation and preparation seem simple enough; we carry away a block of the mineral as an inter-

esting souvenir; it is as heavy as lead, but the woolly fibres are easily scratched off with the finger nail.

Just before noon we reach Quebec. We have been switching back and forth in bewildering fashion from "daylight-saving" to "sun" time almost every day on this journey; Quebec is on daylight-saving time, we find, so we are late for lunch.

We are to stay at the *Chateau Frontenac*, the huge, handsome hostelry operated by the Canadian Pacific. It dominates Dufferin Terrace and looks out over the whole city.

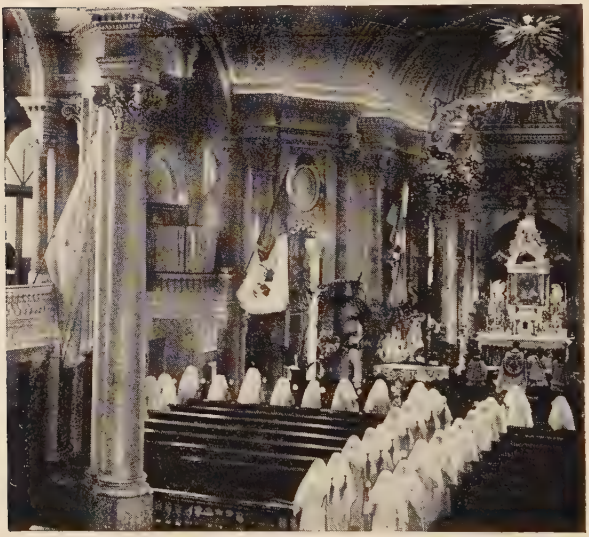
As we approach the city on the ferry from Levis, and look up to the *Chateau* and the ramparts of the fortress, frowning down on us from the rocky heights above, our mind harks back to a statement read in one of the guide-books a few days ago—that, next only to Gibraltar, Quebec is the most strongly fortified position in the British Empire. It looks it.

And here is the picture of Quebec we have had in our thoughts all the way—the Chateau Frontenac and the walls of the fort above; clustered along the hillside the quaint old buildings of the lower town, down to where the docks and the shipping decorate the water's edge—trim ocean liners, dingy freighters and the spotlessly white steamers of the river lines; tugs, sailing craft and ferry-boats. Our own becomes part of the picture and soon we are ashore.

Here, indeed, is France transplanted to Amer-

ica! The quaint architecture; the cobble-stoned streets, narrow and tortuous; the markets, noisy and odorous; the two-wheeled carts, drawn by ponderous, slow-footed horses—all of these are reminiscent of France. But it is in the people themselves—in their speech, in their dress and in their manner—that the French antecedents of the province are most apparent.

But there are many points of difference to be noted between the French-Canadian and his French cousin across the water. And especially is this true in his every-day speech. For example:



Church of the Franciscans, Quebec

It was Jacques Cartier, who in 1535 left France to put Quebec and Montreal and the St. Lawrence river on the map. So monuments are erected to him and streets and parks and hospitals are named after him. But his Quebec admirers pronounce his name as if it were spelled "Jack Karchey," and in Montreal it becomes abbreviated to "J'Karchey."

Cartier did not stay long in the land he had discovered. The next spring he returned to France, and it was not until 1608 that Samuel de Champlain made the first real settlement at Quebec and founded the New France in America. Here in 1759, a memorable date in Canadian history, the French, under Montcalm, were defeated by the British under Wolfe, on the Plains of Abraham, and the whole of Canada came under British domination. But two centuries and a half of British rule, have made no appreciable impression upon the language, the customs or the spirit of these French Canadians. Loyal Canadians that they are, there is nothing British about them.

XII.

STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

A VISIT in Quebec would not be complete without a journey to the famous shrine of *Ste. Anne de Beaupre*. Not only is this little village of *Ste. Anne* the home of the famous church and shrine, but the road to it from Quebec leads through one of the most quaint and picturesque French Canadian settlements to be seen anywhere in the province.

A narrow road winds along the river for the twenty miles or more between Quebec and Ste. Anne, and on either side it is lined with the tiny houses and outbuildings of the sturdy, frugal *Habitants*. They are fascinating folk, these French Canadians—jolly, good-natured, friendly, hard-working, frugal and devoutly religious. Every child along the way waves and smiles a welcome to us; and we cannot help but note how clean and well-dressed they look; healthy and sturdy, apparently, as well.

And the epidemic of June weddings that we run into today! At least a dozen in the twenty

mile trip, the liveried driver and footman on the seat of each carriage or automobile and its decoration of gaily colored paper ribbons proclaiming from a distance the happy occasion; and if a person doubted that he read these insignia aright, the happy faces of the grinning groom and blushing bride would soon reassure him.

Funerals, too, require an even more imposing display of pomp; we presume christenings do, as well. For the life of the French Canadian is essentially a family life, closely interwoven with that of his church.

Fires, suspected to be of incendiary origin, have destroyed several fine churches in Canada

A Religious Procession at Ste. Anne

in recent years, among them the handsome church of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, which was devoured by the flames on March 29, 1922. A temporary wooden church has been erected, which houses the relics, the votive offerings and the other treasures which were rescued from the flames. Construction work has already been started on a handsome new stone edifice to replace the old church, which was built in 1876. The first church was established about 1645.

Pilgrims come to Ste. Anne on foot, on horseback, by train and by automobile. They come singly, in family groups, and today we encounter a whole congregation who have come in a special train, headed by their own parish priest, to worship in this famous sanctuary.

Here too, there is the old chapel; there is the fountain of Ste. Anne, supposed to possess miraculous powers; there is the *Scala Sancta*, the stair to be ascended by the pilgrim only on his knees; and there is the wonderful cyclorama of the life of Christ, a massive production on a circular canvas that is really a work of art.

On our way back to Quebec we stop off to view the falls of Montmorency. Here the Montmorency river, a good-sized stream, dashes off a cliff for a sheer drop of 274 feet into the St. Lawrence. Another waterfall is encountered at this point which was not on our program. It is a drenching thunder shower which sends us scampering back to to town, and cuts short our sightseeing for the day.

XIII.

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND MONTREAL

BACK in our own car again after two days in and about Quebec, we head along the north shore of the St. Lawrence toward Montreal. But before we bid a final farewell to Quebec we journey a few miles out of our way to inspect the massive Quebec bridge, which was finally completed in 1917 after two previous disastrous attempts to set the 6000-ton center span in place. There are 70,000 tons of steel in the whole structure.

By the time we are again on the way to Montreal, it is late in the afternoon. Our road runs along the heights on the north shore of the river. Across the stream the little villages of St. Antoine and Bernadette nestle along the shore; back of them, rolling in gentle undulations up to the wooded hills in the background there is spread before us a vast panorama of miles upon miles of lovely, fertile fields, their varying shades of green vividly intensified by the slanting rays of the setting sun.

As we proceed on our way, we leave the heights and soon find ourselves down near the shore. We are spinning along over an excellent road through an almost continuous settlement, which every here and there broadens out into a little village with an unpronounceable name. Now and then we catch glimpses of the majestic St. Lawrence. At times we run close along the shore and imagine ourselves racing with the sturdy freighters steaming along abreast of us, scarcely a stone's throw away.

As twilight descends, we reach Three Rivers. Here we spend the night. This is the third oldest settlement in Canada, dating from 1618. It gets its name from the three mouths of the St. Maurice river which empty into the St. Lawrence here. It is a great center for the manufacture of news print paper. The town offers little to attract us, so we are on our way again at six-thirty in the morning. We stop for an excellent breakfast at Louiseville, after which we put the miles behind us at a rapid rate until we reach Montreal, just before noon.

Road signs tell us that the new Mount Royal Hotel is the largest hotel in the British Empire. Being anxious to share in this distinction, we make it our home during our Montreal visit, and find it most delightful in every way.

Montreal assumes to offer many points of interest to the sight-seer, but the most attractive to us is the wonderful view of the city to be had from the top of the mountain—Mount Royal, or

in French, *Mont Real*, the name given to it by Jacques Cartier in 1535. And the Montreal guide-books call to our attention an item of American history that we had forgotten—that from 1775 to 1777 Montreal was an American city, garrisoned by soldiers of the Revolution; and that at that time Benjamin Franklin lived here and founded Montreal's first newspaper, the Gazette.

A Country Home near Montreal

Montreal is situated on an island formed by the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers. So rapidly has the town grown in the past few years that it now with its suburbs almost completely covers the island. It is claimed that the population of the island has doubled in the past fifteen years and is now approximately 900,000.

McGill University, with its handsome buildings; the Chateau de Ramezay; St. James'

Cathedral, modeled after St. Peter's in Rome; the church of Notre Dame, which with its two balconies accommodates 10,000 people; Sherbrooke street with its good looking residences, and the prosperous and modern suburb of Westmount are some of the "sights" which we "take in" during our stay.

Mention must be made, too, of our trip to the quaint old town of Terrebonne,—not that Terrebonne is so greatly out of the ordinary, but the trip includes a never-to-be-forgotten ferry voyage across the Ottawa river. A steep, narrow road leads down the hill to the ferry. When we get there we find that the ferry boat is a rickety, flat-bottomed bateau, propelled by a tiny motor-boat lashed alongside. A one-horse spring wagon, carrying a boy, a woman, two ducks, an iron bed and a mattress, precedes us onto the shaky-looking craft. There isn't room to turn around, we can't back up, so we throw caution to the winds, and drive on. The sturdy ferryman lifts the wagon, contents and all, to one side. Our *Jordan* timorously crawls aboard, the left wheels at the extreme port side of the scow, until the right-hand fender nestles snugly against the front wheel of the wagon. And so we cross the turbulent Ottawa, our chief worry being that the ferry boat provides no life preservers. We reach the other side alive and afloat, but on the return trip you may be sure that we hunt another road that crosses the river on a bridge.

XIV.

WHERE WHISTLES ARE WET

QUEBEC and Montreal have become twin Meccas for American tourists during these past few years. Or, to be more correct in the oriental simile, perhaps one should choose the word "Oasis" instead of Mecca. At any rate, one finds automobiles from a dozen states and from most of the provinces of Canada parked in front of the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec. And there is a well-beaten path (at least one has no difficulty in following it) between the hotel and the nearest depot of the Quebec Liquor Commission.

Not that all these tourists have come in quest of alcoholic stimulant! Oh, no! But in selecting their summer vacation land, they were told that the Province of Quebec offered not only lovely scenery, cooling breezes, quaint cities, and villages with old world atmosphere; but also that wherewith to stimulate the enjoyment of all of these.

It is a great institution, the Quebec Liquor Commission. It does a thriving business, and earns somewhat exorbitant profits, a good share

of which go to the building and maintaining of the roads of the province. And so much of the income is derived from thirsty citizens of other states and provinces! And as the thirsty outsiders seem eager to invest in what the commission has to sell, why should not everyone be happy? Apparently they are. All of the crowd in the summer cafe at the Chateau were, the night we were there; that was apparent.

In Quebec, light wines and beer may be bought from the grocer or ordered with a meal at one's hotel; but liquor may be bought only from one of the depots of the commission and only in original packages, the limit being a quart a day to an individual.

There is one serious drawback to the system. If a temperate being (like the writer, for instance) desires to take advantage of the opportunity to enjoy a taste of real "Scotch," he must buy a whole bottle, for which the Commission charges him $4.40. And if after staying three or four days and taking three or four drinks, he moves on into an adjoining state or province, where it is illegal to possess or transport liquor, the only thing for him to do, of course, is to throw the rest of the bottle away.

XV.

WE ARE "PINCHED"

ON a long motor trip like this, an occasional change to some other mode of locomotion has its attractions. So at Montreal we load ourselves and the car on the steamer "Rapids Prince" for a section of the homeward trip that takes us as far as Prescott, Ontario. It proves to be a most leisurely journey. It is a scant two hundred miles and the steamer takes eighteen hours to do it. A good share of the time is consumed in locking through some seventeen or eighteen locks in the several canals along the St. Lawrence. On her down trip, when she "shoots the rapids," the steamer does it in eight hours instead of eighteen.

We run the car off the steamer in the morning and with scarcely a pause are on our way westward. Breakfast at Brockville, and then we encounter some awful road—part of it being rebuilt and the rest of it in need of rebuilding. This continues until we near Kingston. Here we strike a fine, broad, newly-paved highway and

proceed to make up for lost time. There is scarcely another car on the highway, and we are skimming along, enjoying the lovely morning and the excellent road, when all at once a noisy motorcycle pulls up alongside and a motor-cop with a most insolent and arrogant manner tells us to "Pull up to the side of the road and stop."

With a manner which reminds us of the stories of Florida prison-camps, he directs our course to a local magistrate's office, where "His Honor," wearing last week's collar and a summer-before-last straw hat, takes a stub of a pencil out of one vest-pocket, a weather-beaten memorandum book out of another and figures out that we have violated the traffic laws of the county to amount of five dollars; and that he and the Simon Legree on the motorcycle would like to divide between them five dollars and sixty-five cents in "costs."

And while I am paying it, the rest of the party, waiting in the car downstairs, are told by an indignant Kingston citizen that this enterprising trio—for there is a "prosecutor," also, who makes out "the papers"—are averaging about six Americans cars a day and making a very good thing out of it while it lasts.

This is the day's one exciting incident. An afternoon of steady driving, a short stop for supper, and at eight thirty we are back in Orillia. The children are well and happy, so after a rest of a day or two we will load the family into the car and start for home.

XVI.

HEADED FOR HOME

RESTED up and packed up again, we start from Orillia for home. The first day's run is to Toronto; from there over a fine new forty-mile concrete pavement to Hamilton; then some thirty miles of equally fine asphalt to Brantford, and over generally good roads through Woodstock and London, until we reach Sarnia at dusk. Here agents of competing ferry lines clamor for the privilege of transferring us across the river to Port Huron. The winner of the contest takes us over for seventy cents, and again we are "back home," although still some seven hundred miles from Minnesota.

* * *

The Fourth of July is spent in crossing Michigan. From Port Huron we go through Flint, Owosso, Ionia and Grand Rapids to Muskegon. The volume of holiday traffic and the soft gravel roads encountered contribute to make it a most tedious day, and we are glad to reach Muskegon and seek our berths on the Crosby boat that is

to take us across Lake Michigan during the night,

We reach Milwaukee early in the morning, but tire trouble (due to yesterday's roads) delays our departure. We get away about ten o'clock, twisting about on our route somewhat to avoid roads under construction. Some twenty miles out we pass through the town of Slinger. The last time we were here it was Schlesingerville, but apparently the inhabitants have become weary of pronouncing all the syllables. Portage, Beaver Dam, Baraboo are next in order on the route. They all look attractive, but Mankato is the town we want to see, so we hurry right on through them.

As we wend our way from Baraboo, along "*Wisconsin 33*," through Wonewoc, Hillsboro and Cashton toward LaCrosse, we begin to wonder whether it was necessary to journey to New York and New England for mountain scenery. These Wisconsin hills not only approach in a measure the scenic grandeur of their bigger brothers "Down East" but their roads also offer the same hairpin turns, agonizing climbs and abrupt descents. There are almost as many thrills to the mile in this part of the journey as there were in the White Mountains.

A night's rest at LaCrosse, a swift run to Winona, the climb over the Stockton hill, and soon we are in Rochester, where we lunch at the lovely new Hotel Kahler, cool and comfortable in spite of the heat outside.

The Hotel Kahler at Rochester

But the coolness and comfort are not to be of long duration. As we resume our journey, and approach Kasson, the top leaf in one of the rear springs decides that it has had enough and drops us down onto the axle with a dismal thump that sets the brakes and brings us to an abrupt stop. A hot and dirty half hour under the car puts it into shape to limp into Kasson, where three intolerably long hours are required to fashion a new spring.

So we reach Mankato in the early evening, dirty, hot and hungry, in a proper frame of mind to appreciate the comforts of home.

Thirty-eight hundred miles on the speedometer and six hundred more by steamship and ferry—a total of forty-four hundred miles we have covered in four weeks—a remarkably enjoyable trip, viewed from any angle—and yet how glad we are to be home!

XVII.

CONCERNING, FARES, FERRIES, ETC.

IF these chapters should encourage the reader to embark on a similar trip, he will not be under the necessity, as we were, of going into Ontario, and the following route is suggested:

By starting early in the morning from any central Minnesota point, Baraboo or Portage, Wisconsin can be reached that night. Starting out early the next morning, Milwaukee can be reached before noon. The Crosby boat across Lake Michigan to Muskegon leaves at noon, getting into Muskegon in the early evening. It should be an easy day's drive across the state of Michigan to Detroit the following day. The night boat for Buffalo leaves Detroit about seven o'clock in the evening, reaching Buffalo early the next morning. Fare for passengers is $6; for automobile from $10 to $14. From Buffalo it is a good day's run across New York State to Albany, from whence one can motor north into the Adirondacks or eastward through the Berk-

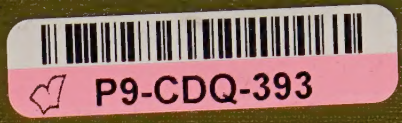
shires. One's stay in Buffalo, of course, should include a trip to Niagara, close at hand.

Or, from Buffalo one can motor northeast to Rochester on Lake Ontario, from which the voyage through the Thousand Islands and down the Rapids of the St. Lawrence can be made. These steamers carry automobiles, although their charges for the service are rather stiff; $25 from Rochester to Montreal, for example, where the passenger fare is $11. From Queenston (below Niagara) across the lake to Toronto the passenger fare is $1.87, and the charge for an automobile is $9.60.

Many Minnesota people prefer to put their automobile on board boat at Duluth and make the trip down the Great Lakes to Buffalo. The charge for an automobile on this trip is about $55.00, the same as the fare for an adult passenger.

There are other ferries across the St. Lawrence beside the one used by us at Gananoque and there is a bridge across the river at Montreal. There are also two or three other ferries across Lake Champlain, but the roads on the New York side of the lake are generally better than they are on the Vermont side.

It is well to observe the speed limits posted in Canadian towns and villages. They are of the opinion up there that we Americans travel too fast.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